



R. A. GEMS.

Fair Amateur (to Carpenter). "MY PICTURE IS QUITE HIDDEN WITH THAT HORRID TICKET ON IT. CAN'T YOU FIX IT ON THE FRAME?"
Carpenter. "WHY, YOU'LL SPOIL THE FRAME, MUM!"

MR. PUNCH'S BUDGET.

IN order to meet future deficiencies the following sources of supply are crying aloud for the attention of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN or his successors:—

1. The Amount of Time wasted during each Session by garrulous and obstructive Members of Parliament.—As the number of hours in the day is limited, and public time is a national asset, an Imposition of Five Guineas per minute (beyond the first ten minutes) is recommended on all Speeches in either House, to be paid by the Member so offending. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will of necessity require some hours for the introduction of his Budget in accordance with long-established usage, will have the satisfaction of feeling that his remarks are thus automatically reducing the deficit. The same Imposition, in a descending scale, to apply to members of the London County Council, and all other representative bodies; also to Hyde Park orators.

2. Infants (up to the age of seventeen) who have contracted the Cigarette Habit.

—A Duty, inversely increasing with the years of the juvenile smoker and with the price of the cigarettes, should result in a large addition to the Revenue.

3. Bridge-players.—A nominal impost of a penny on each game would go far to relieve a Chancellor's embarrassment.

4. Urban and suburban Dogs, Cats, and Fowls.—A tax of one halfpenny per bark, mew, or crow (as the case may be) between the hours of sunset and 8 A.M. might be suggested. The supply appears to be inexhaustible.

5. The British Climate.—An excise duty of one farthing per gallon above the mean daily rainfall in the United Kingdom to be levied on the Clerk of the Weather, the Meteorological Office, or other parties responsible.

6. Spectators at Cricket and Football Matches.—A Poll-tax of One Pound per head per annum on all mere onlookers, shouters, and referee-baiters should prove a valuable item on the credit side of the national ledger. Players of any athletic game and persons who exercise their own muscles to receive a bounty.

7. Circulars, Handbills and Prospect-

uses of all kinds.—These delightful ingredients of the letter-box, the persistent appeals for Cast-off Clothes, Old Teeth, Coal and Washing Orders, Eye-sight Tests, and similar reminders so touchingly ignored, might be made to bear a sixpenny stamp. As some millions are distributed daily in London alone by seedy and doorstep-dirtying individuals, we have here a means of wiping off the National Debt, not to mention the Deficit.

8. Hyde Park and St. James's Park.—Now that the season has set in, and these two fashionable open-air dormitories are once more being extensively patronised by the free-and-easy classes who toil not neither do they wash, ground-rents might be levied from the temporary occupants of each patch of grass and "all that messuage." Every little helps, and the sum thus raised could go towards the salary of part of a policeman, or the pin-money of one of the Parliamentary housemaids.

We are not quite clear as to the best means whereby the above contributions may be collected, but are content to leave such problems to experts.

"SWEET USES OF OBESITY."

[Lines suggested by an article in the *Daily Chronicle* under the above title, from the pen of Mrs. ERNEST AMES, who discusses the popularity, the social precedence, the immunity from control and criticism, enjoyed by the very, very fat woman. The author of these verses wishes to express his extreme indebtedness to Mrs. AMES for the temporary loan of her theme.]

WHAT guerdon of praise shall I give her,
What measure of thanks for her meed
Who comes to release and deliver
My soul in its uttermost need;
Whose breath is the perfume of Parma
In seasons of dulness and drouth,
Who puts with imperative charm a
New song in my mouth?

I have sung (growing sadder and wiser)
Of JOSEPH, his ways and his works;
I have carolled enough of the KAISER,
And more than he merits of PERKS;
I have harped on Sir LEWIS (of Hades),
And drummed on a Laureate's vat,
But I never made lyrics to ladies
Whose foible was fat!

To the form that is elfin and fragile
And slightly defective of lung,—
To the limbs that are lusty and agile
As is the opossum, when young,—
I have bowed, I have bent, as in duty,
Unnumbered and dolorous knees,
But my heart never burst for a beauty
Distinctly obese.

Yet here, I am told, is a topic
Inviting the bibulous bard,
Like a well in the waste of a tropic,
Whose price is as precious as nard;
The report of that pearly oasis
Ah, had I but earlier known,
I had sung long ago of her graces,
Sweet seventeen stone!

Though her figure be other than airy,
Though its "note" be the largeness of earth,
Yet her temper is that of a fairy
Addicted to methods of mirth;
Exuding a natural joyance
Her jests have an infinite scope,
And in bathing she bobs with the buoyance
Of Somebody's Soap.

By the calm of her weight that is welter
Immune from the menace of shock,
In her shade half a dozen may shelter
As under the lee of a rock;
There is that in her mountainous motion,
A force elementally free,
Which recalls to a student of Ocean
The surge of the sea.

In the glow that her presence diffuses
She fares as a favourite guest;
Her pyramidal structure excuses
What license would ruin the rest;
No rivals, for Nature has built her
Compact of the substance of ten,
Would suspect her of pounding a philtre
For stealing their men.

She is set with her face to the horses,
She flops in the roomiest chair,
And her bed, as a matter of course, is
A twin of the wonder of Ware;
They allow her the lengthiest tether,
Her lines are in BENJAMIN's lot,
And she says what occurs to her, whether
They like it or not.

O profuse and imposing and passive,
O dame of the devious waist,
Whose circuit, amorphous and massive,
These arms could have never embraced,
You may puff, it is true, like a porpoise,
And heave like a wallowing hulk,
Yet your heart is as big as your corpus,
Our Lady of Bulk!

O. S.

IRRESPONSIBILITY.

OF *Saturday to Monday*, officially described as "an irresponsible comedy,"—whatever this may mean — by Messrs. FENN and PRYCE, it is difficult for a "responsible" person to express a decided opinion. As the timid Curate, breakfasting with his Bishop, said of the indifferent egg, "It is good in parts." Now this is just the case with this irresponsible comedy: it is good in "parts"; the parts, that is, the "character parts," being superior to the whole. And moreover all the parts are capitally played.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has chosen to represent *Lord Culvert of Alcester* (late Captain, R.N.), who is simply a mere practical joker. Were he only a public-school boy, aged fifteen, instead of a man well over thirty, he might just escape flogging on the plea of "first fault," and would be dismissed with a severe caution. The sympathies of the audience can never be with an actor of his position who emulates the rôle of what Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH has described as "the Society clown." Such a part, supposing it to have been better written and in an altogether better piece, might have been accepted at once by the public, had it been played by that "chartered libertine" Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY.

The success of *Dr. Bill*, of which character Mr. ALEXANDER was the admirably merry exponent, affords no precedent, as nowadays the public only see in Mr. ALEXANDER the impersonator of some hero of romance, dashing, earnest, gay, gallant, yet with subtle touches of cynical humour. His public will have him in costume, and regret his return to modern twentieth century everyday attire.

Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE is a delightful hostess as *Mrs. Wendover*; Miss ELINOR AICKIN is a somewhat tryingly vulgar elderly *Lady Diana*; as *Angela*, her daughter, Miss BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON is a charming *ingénue*; as *Miss Ursula Toop* and her friend *Miss Skeat*, Miss FRANCES WETHERALL and Miss ALICE BEET, both being fearfully and wonderfully made up, are perfect; and the neat handmaids *Thompson* and *Jarvis* are rendered with natural grace by Miss CORISANDE HAMILTON and Miss NELLA POWYS. As the colourless *Probyn Dyke* Mr. A. VANE-TEMPEST is very amusing, but it is a thankless part. Mr. HIGNETT, as a didactic clergyman, the *Rev. Lemuel Toop*, gives us a decidedly clever sketch; and as the ridiculous idiot *Stanley Pidding* Mr. VIVIAN REYNOLDS makes a great deal out of poor material.

There is plenty of bustle in the piece: the action goes with much laughter; the sentimental portions, being without heart and reality, are *de trop*; and, except the young girl's letter, cleverly read aloud by Miss AICKIN, the dialogue, which is on a very ordinary level, owes whatever success it may obtain to its brisk delivery with emphasis and discretion by the actors.



ERIN'S WELCOME.

"HE LOVES THE GREEN ISLE, AND HIS LOVE IS RECORDED
IN HEARTS WHICH HAVE SUFFERED TOO MUCH TO FORGET."

(Moore's Irish Melodies—"The Prince's Day.")

[His Majesty King Edward arrives in Ireland, Tuesday, April 26.]

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STRONGLY RECOMMENDED FROM HIS LAST PLACE.

Lady (engaging a page-boy). "WELL, HOW SOON CAN YOU COME?"

Page (readily). "AT ONCE, MUM."

Lady. "BUT SURELY YOUR PRESENT MISTRESS WON'T LIKE THAT!"

Page (brightly). "OH YES, SHE WILL, MUM. SHE'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO GET RID OF ME!"

LADY BABBLESDALE'S VISITS.

II.—CHATSWORTH.

We paid our last visit to Chatsworth early in April, 1904, travelling by the Midland to Rowsley, where a large motor-van was in readiness for my trunks. The Panhard Victoria, however, only just held me, my two maids and the chauffeur, so BABBLESDALE once more had to pad the hoof. On this occasion, however, I had provided him with an Ordnance map, and felt no anxiety about his missing his way.

No incident marked our drive to Chatsworth, except that, in passing through the famous chestnut avenue at Edensor, we nearly ran over Sir M. E. GRANT-DUFF, who was reading his diary aloud to some of the oldest inhabitants. The chauffeur "kept a gallop for the avenue," and brought us up in fine style at the main entrance,

where most of the house party were picturesquely grouped in expectation of our arrival. The Duke, in a brown velvet lounge jacket, beamed a welcome from the top step; Mr. JOHN BURNS, Mr. PERKS, Mr. HALDANE, Mr. ALFRED LYTTTELTON, ANDREW KIRKALDY, Madame MELBA and Mr. C. B. FRY, greeted our arrival with manifest relief. I briefly explained the cause of BABBLESDALE'S non-arrival, and the Duke kindly dispatched his major-domo with a photograph of SARGENT'S picture to identify him by.

As I was passing through the hall Mr. PERKS called my attention to the striking resemblance which it bore to the Westminster Aquarium. The Duchess kindly showed me to my room, and we met in the great picture gallery before dinner. The Duke took me in, and the conversation soon became general. I asked him if he liked

Marcella. He said he always preferred dry to sweet wines, and wanted to know had I seen Madame Sherry. From this the talk diverged to the national taste in wines. Sir M. E. GRANT-DUFF recalled the fact that, in his youth, small botanic beer was commonly drunk at breakfast, and related several appropriate anecdotes of DARWIN, HOOKER, and BURTON, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Mr. PERKS drank only water, and we were all amused to see him take a sardine from the *hors d'œuvre* tray and drop it in his glass. Being rallied upon this eccentricity by Madame MELBA, he replied that he did it in order to be reminded of WESLEY and the Aquarium. He went on to say that since the Wesleyans had acquired the stately Westminster pleasure dome, he had perfected himself in the favourite conjuring trick of materialising bowls of gold fish out of nothing. By means of diagrams he

explained to the Duchess the method by which the bowls are concealed in the coat-tails of the prestidigitateur. Sir M. E. GRANT-DUFF was all the time writing busily under the table.

BABBLEDALÉ, whose bump of locality is not what it was, once again entirely missed his way, and did not reach the dinner-table until the plovers' eggs were all eaten. There was a look of anguish on his face which in anybody else's might almost have seemed out of proportion to the occasion. Keener distress could not have been shown for the disappearance of a favourite shirt-stud.

During dessert the Duke complained seriously of the thinness of modern finger-glasses, and proved it to demonstration by the familiar musical experiment of passing the hand round the circumference. The Duke broke three glasses before he was able to extract a musical note.

The Duke said he doubted the value of SCHOPENHAUER as a teacher, for he had searched in vain through his works for any recognition of the social value of Bridge as a link between the classes and the masses. Mr. HALDANE demurred to this, but the general feeling of the table was with the Duke, though Mr. PERKS went so far as to say that he thought working-men ought not to be encouraged to play Bridge before mid-day. This roused Mr. JOHN BURNS's smouldering indignation. "If an honest and intelligent artisan," he exploded, "is not to be allowed to imitate the least reprehensible recreations of the aristocracy, what becomes of the dignity of labour?"

When the gentlemen rejoined us in the great drawing-room, Mr. C. B. FRY delighted the company by an exhibition of parlour gymnastics, winding up with a running jump over six Louis Quinze chairs. The Duchess's face during this last feat was a perfect study. A move was then made to the music-room, and Madame MELBA (who boasts of her Scotch descent) and ANDREW KIRKALDY charmed their hearers by a realistic rendering of "We twa hae paidled in the burn." The entertainments of the evening were completed by Bridge. BABBLEDALÉ only revoked once, and wittily apologised to his partner—the Duke—by saying "Playing with you made me think it was Nap."

We were all startled at breakfast by an extraordinary occurrence. In the midst of an impassioned discussion of GOETHE and *Wilhelm Meister*, in which Mr. HALDANE surpassed himself, BABBLEDALÉ was seen to pass the window. He was so negligently dressed—his tie in more than ordinary dishevelment—that his attire, coupled with his ascetic lineaments, carried the honest socialistic heart of Mr. JOHN BURNS, who had not been introduced to BABBLEDALÉ the night

before, by storm. He rushed to the groaning sideboard and, seizing with one hand the cold ham and with the other a béchamel capon, he flung open the window with his teeth and hurled the dainties at what he conceived to be the destitute mendicant. BABBLEDALÉ, whose dexterity is proverbial, caught them ere they fell, and with a ready smile promised that they should be conveyed to the Buckhounds.

After breakfast Mr. LYTTELTON and Mr. JOHN BURNS played Mr. C. B. FRY and BABBLEDALÉ at single wicket on the cocoa-nut matting pitch in the second palm house. BABBLEDALÉ, who once, he tells me, was no mean practitioner, seems to have been out of form. However, although he made no runs he broke more panes of glass than all the others put together.

Most of the next morning was agreeably spent in those prehistoric peeps which old photograph albums supply. Here I discovered chubby, callow, bewhiskered editions of the Colonial Secretary, the present Prime Minister, and our host in incredibly striped peg-top trousers, and the tiniest of bowlers. I must have made this remark aloud, for Mr. LYTTELTON remarked, "Not tinier than BOBBY ABEL, I expect. He has given up bowling now." On hearing this, Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF was heard to misquote dear MAT. ARNOLD:

"Ere the fleeting bon-mot fly,

Quick, thy tablets, Memory!"

or "tablets," as ANDREW KIRKALDY reminded me *Wee Macgregor* would have said.

By the way, owing to an unfortunate slurring of consonants on the part of the Duke when making the initial introduction, BABBLEDALÉ acquired the painful impression that ANDREW KIRKALDY was ANDREW CARNEGIE, the American plutocrat. With his usual readiness to put everyone at his ease, BABBLEDALÉ addressed to KIRKALDY several remarks bearing upon the endowment of free libraries and the claims of democracy. They never really got on to terms until BABBLEDALÉ happened to mention the pleasure he had in driving with the CONYNGHAM GREENES in Switzerland. KIRKALDY at once rejoined: "I'm no sure whit way they drive in Switzerland, but there's no driving on the greens at St. Andrews." With incredible swiftness of repartee, BABBLEDALÉ rejoined, "How about green tee, then?" At this Sir MOUNTSTUART rushed from the apartment to the conservatory, obviously in search of a fountain pen.

Tea was more than usually comforting that afternoon, and the Duke, who always sleeps with a hop pillow, sat down snugly at the table. As he handed me the muffins, he said the person who takes the top piece is as

self-denying as the man who chooses the gizzard wing of a chicken.

After such company the life of London was painfully exciting.

CHARIVARIA.

THE abolition of Mr. BRODRICK's Army Corps can scarcely have come as a surprise. It will be remembered that, when the ex-War Secretary introduced the scheme to the House of Commons, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN congratulated him on it.

Father CREAUGH, of Limerick, has stated to an interviewer that, if his persecution of the Jews in that town has a successful outcome, he will, in his opinion, have accomplished one good thing in his life. This ambition to accomplish one good thing in his life is laudable, but it seems rather hard on those who have been chosen as the means to the end.

As the result of two recent actions in the High Court, mothers-in-law throughout the country are reported to be adopting a truculent attitude, and will require careful watching.

It is characteristic of the change that has come over Anglo-French relations that, although the little boy who was found abandoned in Paris the other day was dressed in a sailor suit, and a cap that bore the inscription "H.M.S. *Powerful*," he was not arrested as a spy.

A great sense of relief was experienced here on the 16th inst. by the publication of a telegram from New Zealand stating that Mr. SEDDON considered the Anglo-French Agreement satisfactory.

The over-feeding of infants has been responsible for so many deaths recently that it is proposed to legislate with a view to making it compulsory for every child to be marked with a load-line corresponding to the Plimsoll mark on ships.

By the by, greedy little boys will be interested to hear that in Greece a "Swallow Feast" is held once a year.

The agitation in favour of "Clean Milk" is already bearing fruit. But care must be taken to see that the water used for this purpose is first thoroughly filtered.

THE Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, of the City Temple, who has just gone over to Rome (*via* Mt. Cenis), spoke recently on the subject of the new Education Act, and declared that "Nonconformists are not prepared to give the Liberal Party a blank cheque." We think the epithet regrettable as coming from a minister.

The Rouge Trade has received a nasty blow. The Commissioner of Police at Johannesburg has issued an order that in future no coloured person is to be allowed to use the sidewalks of the streets of that town.

On the occasion of the introduction of the Licensing Bill, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE made a violent personal attack upon Mr. BALFOUR. On being called to order by the Speaker, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE declared—what we have frequently hoped to be the case—that he must not be taken to mean what he said.

Is the Government really anxious to promote the cause of temperance? It is true that the Licensing Bill has been introduced, but, at the same time, many inebriates who are anxious to reform their habits declare that the Budget makes it impossible for them to turn over a new tea-leaf.

An American millionaire has been explaining the secret of his success. In a nutshell it is this: Look after the pence—and you will become a Copper King.

A number of artists have written to the Press to complain of the unjustifiable rejection of their masterpieces by the Royal Academy. It would be a good revenge if they were to refrain from sending any more.

The current number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* contains an article on Physical Culture for Women. The introductory section is headed "Looking Backwards." This is surely the mildest form of athletics that has ever been suggested.



A SERIOUS DECISION.

Beatriz aged six, after remaining in deep thought for quite two minutes, addresses her mother, who has been choosing frocks for her. "MUMMY, DEAR, . . . BEFORE YOU BUY THE FROCKS, I'VE THOUGHT IT ALL OVER, AND I THINK I'D RATHER BE A BOY."

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

II.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—It is only due to our Readers to repeat that we are very far from satisfied that our Correspondent's account of himself can be depended upon—or even that he is at the front at all.

*In Japanese Headquarters with
Honble. Col. Khakimono, Korea.*

(Precise locality suppressed by Censorship Regulations.)

April 1.

AFTER a somewhat tempestuous transit as the Bird of Passage on Japanese transport-junk *Shimbun*, I am now deposited with all my paraphernalias in the Hermetically-sealed Kingdom of Morning Qualm. I have been attached to a flying column personally conducted by a rather diminutive but dashing commanding officer, viz., Honble. Col. KHAKIMONO, who is ably seconded by his honble. and gallant friend, Major NETSUKÉ.

Korea has already succeeded in winning my golden opinions. Possessing same latitude and longitude as Italy, the climate . . . [Ed. Com.—*The next few sentences, which seem to have been industriously paraphrased from some work of reference, are omitted.*] . . . It is also the happy hunting-field for carnivorous faunas—tigers, leopards, bears, caymen, deer, otters, *et hoc genus omne* being plenty as blackberries.

When not too engrossed in describing horrors of war, I shall make best endeavours to secure a skin or two, which I beg you will do me the honour of accepting as Office hearth-mats and door-rugs.

As, by official order, all war-reporters are required to sport proprietorial badges, one of my arms has necessarily been ticketed "*Conch*"—but you will, I humbly think, be pleased to learn that it is my right arm which is branded, in Japanese characters, with the proud title of "*Punch*." [Ed. Com.—*Most gratifying!*]

So conspicuous a stigma has very naturally rendered me a jaundiced eyesore with my fellow-reporters who correspond for less humorous contemporaries, but I am too thick-skinned to heed the malicious buzzings of such paltry flies in my pomatum.

The Korean aborigines cut highly ludicrous figures of fun in immoderately tall broad-brimmed hats, composed of horse-hairs and fastened under their chops with ribbons and bows, like antiquated British spinsters, and it is not possible to encounter them without giving vent to uncontrollable cachinnations.

However, they are highly polite, peace-loving parties, though incredibly bashful and timorous.

I am setting up a stud, having become the sole proprietor of a small but very lusty secondhand crock of piebald complexion, for the rather moderate price of yens 25 (about £2 10s.). This, being a necessary, you will kindly allow as working expenses. I have not baptised him as yet with any *nom de plume*, and you must not take it in snuff if I should not decide to name him after your illustrious self, since he is scarcely deserving at present of so good-humoured a god-parent.

For he is of such an excessively *noli me tangere* temperament that it is not possible to venture my person within his sphere of influence except under penalty of receiving some shocking kick! One of these has severely dilapidated a rather valuable gold-rimmed nose-pinch, and compelled me to purchase a pair of native Korean goggles as a *pis aller*.

Although I can only nurture a slender hope that your paternal generosity will decree me compensation for damages which (perhaps) do not strictly come under heading of "ordinary wear and tear," I may be allowed to mention that

a similar nose-pinch could not be purchased in Calcutta at all under rs. 15.

You can readily suppose that, until the ferocity of my aforesaid pony has abated, I am reduced to ride entirely at anchor, and cannot be expected to scour the surrounding sceneries in pursuit of tit-bits of information.

However, I am far from being a mere *dolce far niente*, and it is invariably the still sow, according to the proverb, that takes in most of the pigs' washing. Accordingly I have already wormed myself into the good books of Colonel KHAKIMONO, who imparts to me many important military secrets which he preserves with the snugness of wax from ordinary journalists.

For example, he has whispered, in strictest privacy, his expert opinion that, should some irresistible Japanese force encounter any invincible Russian army-corps, there will infallibly result a somewhat severe snip-snap. This you may regard as official.

With excusable national partiality he foregoes the conclusion that he is triumphantly to emerge on top. But, although I refrain from clouding his cocksecurity by any doleful vaticinations, I am wholly unable to believe that it will be mere child's play for even the pluckiest pigmies to succumb these Colossians of the North.

At present the enemy is reported to be retiring into his own interior with seven-league boots, but I have the shrewd suspicion that this is a trick to entice us into chasing a wild goose.

So I have exhorted Col. KHAKIMONO that he is on no account to make such a *faux pas* as Honble. BONAPARTE, by pursuing so wily a foe as far as the metropolis of Moscow, since he would probably soon find himself out in the cold owing to some treacherous incendiaryisms.

I am proud to say that my honble. friend has promised to follow these counsels of perfection.

It is a popular fallacy (as I am cabling the *Chittagong Conch*) to imagine that Japanese soldieries are rigged up in old-fashioned panoplies, or that their field-pieces are fashioned to resemble dragons and the like. On the contrary, they all carry muskets which, though home-made, are far superior to any Indian matchlocks. Whether they are as proficient potshots as Russian marksmen, I am not as yet in a position to say.

As for the cavalry, they have scarcely the firm seats of ancient Centaurs, and indeed are by no means even such practical jockeys as our native Sikh horsesoldiers.

Nor can I entirely commend the Japanese custom of warbling national ditties when engaged in combat; whether this is done to terrorise the enemy, or simply as a preventive against funkiness.

For it is not possible to sing and shoot simultaneously with equal correctness, while it is also mere waste of valuable wind, since no song will reach the heart with the celerity or certainty of a bullet.

However, it is not for this unassuming self to dictate to the Goddess of War as to whom she is to award her apple of Discord.

The National Religion of Korea consists in the worship of Ancestors, but, for the convenience of parties who may not possess such articles, and who would otherwise be reduced to Atheism, it is permissible to venerate any local demon.

This I learnt from a certain Bonze whose acquaintance I have recently scraped. For, on presenting him, as my letters of marque, with a back number of your salubrious periodical, I discovered that, though constitutionally incompetent to understand any Western waggery, he nevertheless received it with profound awe as a kind of sacred *shastra*, to which he commanded his disciples to do *poojah*. And I myself, being able (after a fashion) to expound the inner meanings of the



Lady Visitor (to old parishioner). "WELL, MR. HUGGINS, AND HAS THE NURSE BEEN TO SEE YOU YET?"

Old Parishioner. "YES, MUM, THANK 'EE. SHE'S CALLED ONCE, AN' DONE MY FOOT MORE GOOD THAN ALL THE IMPRECATIONS I'VE EVER USED!"

cartoon pictures, am now in no small repute as a Sanctimonious. My friend the Bonze, a very honest childlike old chap, has made the rather ingenious suggestion that it might be feasible to dedicate a small mountain shrine to your Honour's lordship, with appropriate idol, faithfully copied in local colours from your paper's frontispiece. It appears that a neighbouring devil, owing to being ordered abroad on active service, would be willing to dispose of his shrine, goodwill, &c., for a mere song or mess of pottage.

This, I am fully aware, is the rank piece of superstition. Nevertheless, it might be worthy of your while to think it over as a business proposal, since all converts would of course be required to become regular subscribers. I think I could undertake to do the trick for (shall we say?) yen 200—or, as it is penny wisdom and pound folly to attempt to burn your ships with a haporth of tar, why not have the effigy life-sized and splendidly gilded? This would be a very small extra item in the estimate, and, with best quality gilding, will indubitably be *aere perennius*.

I am anxiously awaiting your honoured instructions.

H. B. J.

[ED. NOTE.—We are letting Mr. JABBERJEE know our private opinion of this suggestion.]

OPERA OPERANDA.

ON Monday, May 2, take place the Two "Great Events." The Royal Academy opens its doors by day to the public at the small charge of a shilling a head, that is at the rate of sixpence an eye, and the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, by night opens its doors to all and sundry at prices varying inversely as the lowliness and loftiness of the purchaser's position in the house. Again we have M. MESSENGER, of the *Messageries Musicales*, as Manager for "the Grand Opera Syndicate," while, as heretofore in the satisfactory past, Secretary NEIL FORSYTH is to control "the business department." No pleasure without business: the greater the pleasure, the better the "business done." "Special performances" of certain operas (nothing uncertain is worth mention) named in the list, are to be given "without cuts." Mr. Punch begs to state, for the benefit of all concerned, that for his part (a very strong one in every opera) he hopes to give from time to time some account of these same special operas "with cuts," otherwise "illustrations," forming a part of his "Operatic Notes," which will, by reproducing the lineaments of singers, musicians, and operatic persons generally, present some features of interest to the general public. Of what surprises may be in store for Opera-goers, no foresight, nor FORSYTH, can assure us.



QUITE ANOTHER STORY.

R.A. (who has engaged Chelsea Pensioner as model, looking forward with interest to stirring narrative of 'battlefield where he was disabled'). "AND WHERE DID YOU LOSE YOUR LEG?"

Veteran. "ROUND THE CORNER, SIR, AT MRS. WEMBLEY'S. YOU SEE, WHEN I LEFT OFF SOLDIERING, I WENT INTO THE FURNITURE BUSINESS AS CARMAN. UNLOADING VAN, PLANNER FELL ON MY LEG AND BROKE IT. THEN I GOT INTO THE 'ORSPITAL." [R.A. gloomily continues painting.]

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

WHEN urchin voices wake the street,
Pushing the sale of "all the winner,"
And toil-worn City men retreat
From stocks and shares to rest and dinner,
And Sol assigns the aerial heights
To Luna and her satellites,

I only at that cherished hour
Retain no sense of exultation;
For me no sweet suburban bower
Abuts upon the railway station:
No offspring welcomes me with kisses—
Chiefly because I have no Mrs.

For me beside the fender bulge
No large and languorous carpet-slippers;
No aromatic airs divulge
The savoury mess of new-laid kippers;
No soul-reviving pint of Beaune
Lends the repast a giddy tone.

For I am of the luckless band
Who, when sweet ease invites their
neighbours,
Still find, aggressively on hand,
The subject of their arduous labours;

Whose daily task is still to do,
Long after other folks are through.

Briefly, I am upon the Stage
Where oft provincial maids and men
mark
The easy verve with which I gauge
The feelings of the *Prince of Denmark*;

It makes the artless rustic weep
In places where the Drama's cheap.

But here in Town my tedious art,
The common lot of all who plod, is
To trifle with a thinking part,
Or even "outside shouts, and bodies."
To play a lifelike corpse, observe,
Requires intelligence and nerve.

Nightly for quite a paltry sum
I entertain my fellow creatures
By putting greasy paints and gum
On what are really classic features,
And striving freely to amaze
The well-dined Public's torpid gaze.

Ay, there's the rub: it's not the waste
Of intellect that's so distressing;
And managers devoid of taste
Must be put up with, though depressing;

It's not that life leaves much to seek
In London on a pound a week.

It isn't that the hours are late,
The dressing-rooms extremely grimy;
That suppers all expectorate
And usually say "gorblimey";
It is because I'm always fated
To have my meal-times dislocated.

What I persistently deplore
Is eating breakfast at eleven,
And wrestling with a meal at four
That others have at half-past seven.
Food at such times may stay one's inner
Pangs, but it really isn't dinner!

And, long accustomed though I am,
It stirs my self-respect profoundly
To find myself consuming ham
When other folks are sleeping soundly.
So late it hardly seems refined
To swallow food of any kind.

O how I long to dine once more
When other folks are also feeding;
And having dined to sit and snore
The solid hours away unheeding,
Nor care a cent how Chronos plies his
Hour-glass or when the curtain rises.



"HITTING THE HAPPY MEAN."

LICENSING BILL. "OH! MY FRIENDS! MY FRIENDS! DON'T HIT ME! I COME BETWEEN YOU AS A PEACEMAKER!"



"HITTING THE HARTY HEART"

THEY SAY THAT THE HARTY HEART IS THE HARTY HEART
THEY SAY THAT THE HARTY HEART IS THE HARTY HEART

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 18.—Lord DUNRAVEN, blasé with Biarritz, pent up with the placid pleasures of Pau, bethought him of the place to spend a happy day. Not Rosherville, but the House of Commons with Irish debate to the fore. Remembers days of old when PARNELL was in his prime, with JOEY B.'s broad smile beaming over expansive imitation sealskin waistcoat girt with massive gold chain fashioned like a ship's cable. Wit sometimes; always humour, if occasionally of Donnybrook Fair order. Certainly movement, fire, possibly an explosion.

Looking down to-day from Peers' Gallery, DUNRAVEN finds NANNETTI on his legs, making dull speech of prodigious length on subject of Primary Education in Ireland. Also O'DONNELL—not him of the eyeglass, who, nigh thirty years ago, used to rise from this very seat and stir up the Saxon. This is O'DONNELL of Kerry West, a national school-teacher. None the worse for that. But alack! so long in getting to what he thinks he wants to say.

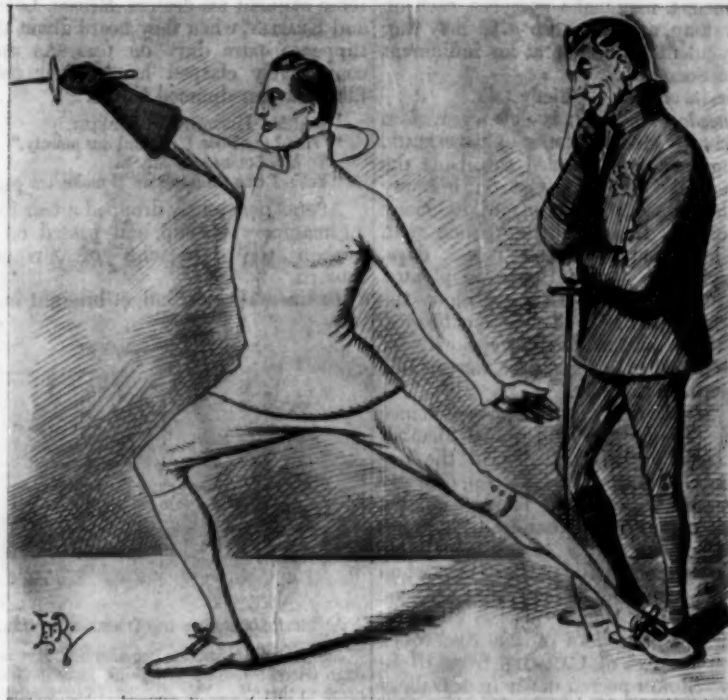
In due course, in place of PARNELL with his tall, slim figure, his keenly cut intellectual face, his icy manner and his biting sentences, comes portly JOHN REDMOND, ornate, oracular, overbearing.

"I warn the right hon. gentleman," he said, shaking a fat forefinger at WYNDHAM yawning on the Treasury Bench, "we will not tolerate the creation of a new Castle Board."

Terribly severe JOHN looks as he hurls this threat amid a pom-pom of cheers from SWIFT MACNEILL. WYNDHAM has been warned so often in the same bass voice with identical gesture that, like the eel injured by repetition to what to begin with was a painful process, he doesn't mind it.



"This is O'D-nn-ll of Kerry West."



THE OLD "MAÎTRE D'ARMES."

"By Jove, he'll do!"

As for PRINCE ARTHUR, he knows nothing of this new submarine destroyer launched against an often-threatened Ministry. He hurried off after questions, as indeed did the vast majority of Members present at that hour. The sitting is being wasted in long speeches manufactured at Westminster for currency in Ireland. Personally he does not complain of the persistence of the Irish Members in marking (with Melancholy) the sitting as their own. Indeed, by so doing, they relieve him from embarrassment. But for their insistence the day might have been utilised for introduction of the Licensing Bill, that Barmecide feast at the Ministerial table. Ever since Session opened this particular dish has appeared on the menu. Whenever Schacabac—represented by C.-B.—has sat himself down, lifted the cover with anticipatory gusto, behold the dish was empty.

"Another day; some day next week," says BARMECIDE BALFOUR.

Positively announced for last Tuesday. Guests assembled hungry, not to say thirsty. BARMECIDE suddenly discovered there was another dish must be taken first. Thibet displaced the Licensing Bill on the only available day of last week. But here is Monday, set down for what is humorously called "getting the SPEAKER out of the Chair," on the

Civil Service Estimates. No urgent necessity in point of time. Gymnastic operation could be accomplished equally well on Wednesday.

But the Irish Members have prepared the speeches aforesaid. The Harp that once through Tara's halls not been thrummed for at least three weeks. Promise extorted from PRINCE ARTHUR that to-day (Monday) should be appropriated for the performance. Had PARNELL still been to the fore he would, with poignant courtesy, have released the belated PREMIER from his pledge, and pressed on his acceptance Monday for the purposes of a Bill over which the Cabinet still wrangled. PARNELL's successor blunders into threat of what will happen if their Monday is taken away from Irish Members. PRINCE ARTHUR, with a sigh of relief, says if things are put in that way he really must keep his pledge. So the difficulty is evaded; days of grace extended to Wednesday, when in some form or other the dish will be ready, and Schacabac will have chance of gorging himself.

Odd thing about complicated business is that when the long-delayed delicacy is at length actually placed on the table there is no one more sure to regret its appearance, criticise its composition, than the erstwhile unfortunate Schacabac. Meanwhile here is an

afternoon wasted that NANNETTI and O'DONNELL may make speeches, each an hour long, and REDMOND *ainé* may wag a truculent forefinger at an indifferent Chief Secretary.

Business done.—Chiefly talk.

Tuesday night.—It is eleven years last February since AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, engaging a four-wheeled cab, bade the driver take the New Cut on his way to the House, and at one of its many emporiums freighted the vehicle with top hats that had seen better days. Hurrying on to the House he planted them out on the benches below the Gangway just as if they were cabbages. By these means secured priority of place for what in those days were called Dissident Liberals.

A great deal has happened since then. To-day the still-young Member has come to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Seizes earliest opportunity to reward the care and loving-kindness of his parent by increasing taxation on his cigars.

Rarely since that February day when Mr. G. expounded his second Home Rule Bill has House been so crowded. Four ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer sat at the feet of GAMALIEL from Highbury. JOKIM peered down from Gallery over the clock. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD-CUM-NUNEHAM reflectively stroked his chin as he looked across the Table at our new Financial Minister and, like King GEORGE with the apple in the dumpling, wondered how the—well, how he got there. From his place of exile below the Gangway RITCHIE loomed large. Above it sat St. MICHAEL in the unseen company of All Angels. Just below RITCHIE, under the lee of his new leader, HARRY CHAPLIN, was DON JOSÉ, bronzed with foreign travel, all unconscious at the moment of the little surprise AUSTEN had in store for him in the matter of cigars.

An exceptionally embarrassing position for the *début* of a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Hard enough for one of modest mien to face this crowded House; harder still to meet deficit approaching five millions sterling. All very well for JOKIM, at the period when GRANDOLPH "forgot" him, to come into the accustomed heritage of a surplus, legacy of a Liberal Government. It was AUSTEN's fate to reach the Treasury after nine years of continuous Conservative administration, and that, as RUDYARD KIPLING used to say, is another story.

He fronted the ordeal courageously; neither forward nor affrighted. Made no effort to emulate the eloquence of Mr. G., the learning of Mr. LOWE, or the epigrams of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. In language unadorned he lucidly explained his purpose, adding to the gratitude of the audience by the comparative brevity of his discourse. Only time he faltered

was in view of the painful scene between those eminent tea-dealers, Messrs. LOUGH and KEARLEY, when they heard about the tuppence extra duty on tea. As they convulsively clasped hands their sobs filled the tear-dimmed House.

Said Mr. LOUGH to Mr. KEARLEY,
" 'Tis of the Poor I'm thinking merely."
To Mr. LOUGH said Mr. K.,
" Yes; I was thinking we 'll make 'em pay."

AUSTEN generously dropped a tear into an imaginary tea-cup, and passed on to explain the intricacies of stripped tobacco.

Business done.—Budget brought in.



A TOUCHING SCENE; OR, TUPPENCE ON TEA.

Eminent Tea-dealers (together). "My poor dear friend! (sniff). To think that it should come to this!" [Retire sobbing.]

Wednesday.—The Licensing Bill at last! No longer a Barmecide invention; a substantial joint more or less succulent. AKERS-DOUGLAS, recovered from depression born of days when he was *locum tenens* of the absent Leader, carries the dish round shoulder high, for inspection of guests.

As foretold, *Schaeabac* inappeasable; will have nothing to do with the Bill for which he of late cried aloud. "I cannot," he said, "promise anything but the most strenuous opposition at every stage."

Funnier still attitude and position of WILFRID LAWSON and WHITTAKER. Up to moment when Home Secretary, standing at Table, expounded his Bill, no one knew what it contained. As mere matter of fact its actuality is a surprise. In anticipation of debate WILFRID LAWSON had fairly written out some jokes condemnatory of the Bill as his imagination pictured it. Similarly WHITTAKER in the seclusion of his study had with same design drafted a new *Almanack*. And here was the provoking Home Secretary bringing in quite another Bill.

That, however, an immaterial detail. WILFRID worked off his jokes and WHITTAKER read pages from his *Almanack*, just as if the Bill had been what they imagined, not what habile Ministers, endeavouring to walk on both sides of the road at the same time, had drafted.

Business done.—Licensing Bill brought in.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

ABOUT TOWN.

SEVERAL ladies have chosen this week for taking walks. As I was popping down Bond Street a few days ago I nearly ran into sweet Lady B., who was dressed in the softest brown, with a dear little robin redbreast perched lovingly in her *toque*, which was a veritable *dernier cri*. There is a beautiful story in connection with the little dickey, as Lady B. believes that it is the same little feathered darling she used to feed with crumbs on her window-sill last winter! It is such a joy to her tender heart to feel that her little pensioner will now never be parted from his benefactress—while the *toque* lasts.

A few minutes later, while I was returning the Countess of A.'s bow, I caught my foot in the *marabout* of one of our most unconventional and witty American visitors, who is, by the way, the heroine of the following delightful little story. While staying at a country house, not a hundred miles from a certain little white village with red roofs, the house party was taken to a local flower show. At dinner that evening, charming Miss X., who was a member of the party, was asked by her partner if she took an interest in gardening. "I guess I'm only interested in strawberry leaves!" was the witty answer.

BOOKS TO MATCH ALL DRESSES.

All lovers of literature will be delighted to hear that Miss CUMBERLAND SMITH's latest work, *Chained by Circumstance*, is to be issued in tooled green leather to match the dainty little belts which are being shown this week by Mr. PETER JAY. This book would look particularly well with a white satin Liberty robe, a stole of Indian work, and the hair *coiffured* in the *mode retroussé*, which is now, we are glad to see, once more with us.

Another little gem for book lovers is certainly Lady M.'s wonderfully realistic *Revelations of Revolt*, bound in crimson and black. No brunette should be without it. To go with this beautiful volume we should strongly recommend a simple Empire costume of crimson *panne*, with deep frills of accordion-pleated white chiffon, edged with black *ruching*, with sprays of crimson chrysanthemums falling to the feet.

CITY AND SUBURBAN NOTE LAST WEEK.—"Dean Swift" wasn't quite up to his name. At all events the Dean wasn't Swift enough, as he only came in second, with *Robert le Diable* in front of him! The very deuce! and this race wasn't to the Swift.



"SHARP MISERY HAD WORN HIM TO THE BONES."

(A Reminiscence of Easter Manoeuvres.)

Colonel Wasitall, O.C., 1st V.B. Shoreditch (vainly trying to restrain his hired charger). "STEADY, YOU BRUTE! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TROTting?"

A FREE CONVERSATION.

THE *Daily Chronicle*, of April 15, stated that "The reception of Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P., by the TSAR . . . was of an entirely private character, for Mr. NORMAN was not introduced by our Ambassador or by any official personage, and the audience, which lasted over half an hour . . . was conducted, by His Majesty's wish, with complete freedom of speech on either side. The TSAR began by saying that he had read Mr. NORMAN'S book, kept it in his private library, and found it the best and fairest account in English of his own country. Of course, Mr. NORMAN does not intend to publish this interesting conversation."

Mr. *Punch* thoroughly appreciates the nice instinct for reticence shown by Mr. NORMAN in respect to the details of his Imperial interview; and, if the facts have nevertheless leaked out, the public must draw its own conclusions as to the system of key-hole intrigue that obtains in the TSAR'S immediate entourage.

SCENE—*The Tsar's Library.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Mr. Henry Norman, M.P.

Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia.

Nicholas II. I have read your book. I keep it in my private library. I find it the best and fairest account yet written in English of my own country.

Henry Norman. Ha!

N. II. I like *Wee Macgregor* too. And did you read that very ingenious feuilleton in the *Daily Mail*, called "Mr. Smith, of England"?

H. N. I read the *Chronicle*—

N. II. What a pity you missed that! The author is a Mr. ANDREW LORING. Now, if only he would call upon me!

H. N. I doubt if he is a publicist.

N. II. That is what I meant. Is there not a bill now interesting your House of Commons on the proper regulation and control of publicists?

H. N. Publicans, I think your Majesty must mean.

N. II. Very likely. These nuances of a foreign tongue take so much learning.

H. N. The Far East—

N. II. By the way, what horse-power is your motor-car? I understand you are one of the pioneers of the new locomotion.

H. N. Assuredly. I don't think the World's Work could go on without motors.

N. II. This is very interesting about the "ashes." It created a profound impression at our Court when the news of their recovery reached us. It is a great thing to be an athletic nation. I suppose you know Mr. FRY, C.B.?

H. N. Intimately. We are fellow Editors.

N. II. I was wondering if he could be tempted to settle here for a while and introduce cricket among my moujiks.

H. N. The claims of the English season are very exacting.

N. II. Ah, well, it was only an idea of mine, perhaps Quixotic.

H. N. There has always been a Quixotic strain in the Romanoffs.

N. II. Yes, indeed.

H. N. Japan—?

N. II. Oh, by the way, is the interest in London in Russian music still what it was? We look upon your great conductor Mr. HENRY J. TREE as one of the best of the English friends of Russia.

H. N. Not HENRY J. TREE, your Majesty; HENRY J. WOOD. Perhaps a not unnatural confusion. We have a TREE too, an actor. He played in an adaptation of Tolstoy's novel *Resurrection*.

N. II. Ah, yes. How foolish to confuse the names. But I often do not feel sure of them. Let me see, you are Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH, are you not?

H. N. No, your Majesty; Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P.

N. II. Tut, tut, how *gauche* of me! Mr. NORMAN, of course. You have been here before, have you not?

H. N. I am esteemed in England greatly on account of my intimacy with your Majesty.

N. II. Quite right, quite right. And what was the purpose of the present visit?

H. N. A few words on the situation, your Majesty.

N. II. The situation? Ah, yes. Charming, is it not? The view from this window always seems to me exceptionally fortunate. And now I must say Good-bye. [Interview closes.]

IMMEDIATELY, detached country or seaside cottage, with accommodation for six fowls; two sitting, three or four bed-rooms; convenient to Roman Catholic Church.

The above, appearing in a weekly lady's paper, shows the status to which the barn-door fowl is rising. The two sitting-rooms are of course euphemistic for the nests, and perches now take the more refined designation of bedrooms. But why "convenient to Roman Catholic Church"? Surely where Brahmas or Cochin Chinas are concerned a Temple to Vishnu, Siva, or Buddha would be more in keeping.

"Ah," sighed the rejected and dejected author, as he glanced at the betting list in a sporting paper, "I wish I could say this of my manuscripts—'Offered and taken.'"

CONSOLATIONS FOR THE UNHUNG.

Now that the painful month of suspense in Studioland is at an end, it behoves us to apply our most soothing embrocation to the wounded feelings of geniuses whose works have boomeranged their way back from Burlington House. Let them remember:

That very few people really look at the pictures in the Academy—they only go to meet their friends, or to say they have been there.

That those who *do* examine the works of art are wont to disparage the same by way of showing their superior smartness.

That one picture has no chance of recognition with fourteen hundred others shouting at it.

That all the best pavement-artists now give "One-Man" shows. They can thus select their own "pitch," and are never ruthlessly skied.

That photography in colours is coming, and then the R.A. will have to go.

That REMBRANDT, HOLBEIN, RUBENS and VANDYCK were never hung at the Summer Exhibition.

That BOTTICELLI, CORREGGIO and TITIAN managed to rub along without that privilege.

That the ten-guinea frame that was bought (or owed for) this spring will do splendidly next year for another masterpiece.

That the painter *must* have specimens of his best work to decorate the somewhat bare walls of his studio.

That the best test of a picture is being able to live with it—or live it down—so why send it away from its most lenient critic?

That probably the *chef-d'œuvre* sent in was shown to the Hanging Committee upside down.

That, supposing they saw it properly, they were afraid that its success would put the Academy to the expense of having a railing placed in front.

And finally, we would remind the Rejected One that, after all, his bantling *has* been exhibited in the R.A.—to the President and his colleagues engaged in the work of selection. Somebody at least looked at it for quite three seconds.

A Rapid Glance Round.

THE following advertisement of an Isle of Wight Hotel appears in the *St. James's Gazette*:—

"Miles of Beautiful Coast Scenery from nearly every window. From Waterloo to Hotel Pier, 12.30, arrive 4.5; return 4.10, arrive 7.35."

Cinq minutes d'arrêt! It sounds inadequate.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. III.

Of course I have seen to it that young BOUDIN should pay a visit to the House of Commons; indeed, I went with him, for I was anxious to note what impression was made upon him by the sight of the institution which is at once the cause and guardian of our liberties and the promoter of our progress. "BOUDIN," I said to him, "I am glad to tell you that I have been able, through the good offices of my friend WINDLESTRAP, the Member for East Wopsall, to secure cards for the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons to-day. I hope it will be convenient for you to go."

"Convenient?" he replied. "Oh, yes, I can make it convenient, but I do not know that I am enthusiast for the House of Commons. I have seen the Chamber of Deputies and I suppose they are much alike. They are old gentlemen with bald heads that shine as you look down at them; and they talk and sometimes they are angry and beat themselves. Your House of Commons will be the same thing, will it not?"

I own that this way of putting it affected me disagreeably, but I kept calm and said, "The Chamber of Deputies, my dear BOUDIN, is no doubt all very well in its way. I am the last man to say a word against it; but the House of Commons is the oldest representative assembly in the world, the mother of Parliaments, and all that, you know, and—well, we're accustomed to think of it as something rather different from other bodies of a similar nature set up by foreign nations."

"As to that," says he, "I do not doubt it will be different in little things, but in principle they are all the same. And to be old is not to be full of wisdom; but I will go with you willingly and see your great House of Commons," and he bowed to me and lit himself a cigarette, as if it was all a matter of no importance.

However, I took him in spite of his flippancy.

We were lucky in our evening, for the adjournment of the House was moved from the Opposition benches almost immediately after we got there, forty Members having risen to support the orator who proposed it, and the debate that ensued was one of the liveliest and angriest it has ever been my good fortune to listen to. Epithets came pelting down like hailstones; eyes flashed; fists were clenched; there were interruptions, roars of fury, retorts, pale faces—all the signs in fact that denote a situation strained almost to bursting-point. I had the utmost difficulty in restraining BOUDIN from joining in the uproar and thus causing our expulsion from the Gallery:—

"It is not human," he said, "to prevent me from shouting. I smother if I do not shout. Oh, sacred name of a pipe, it is better than the Chamber of Deputies; it is better than the battle of Austerlitz at the Cirque; it is better—oh, but that was a terrible thing your Mr. BALFOUR say of your Sir BANNERMAN; and yet you say there will be no duels after this."

"My dear BOUDIN," I said with some dignity, "in a country which has long been in the enjoyment of liberty, and which has realised that progress depends on free and open discussion, there is no necessity to resort to the brutal and senseless arbitrament of the duel. We have got beyond that sort of thing. We do not bring political animosity into the field of private friendship. I myself agree with Mr. BALFOUR and the Conservative Press that the Liberals on the Opposition are, with few exceptions, a set of unprincipled scoundrels, the friends of every country except their own—but I should be sorry to let this opinion of mine break up my private intercourse with Liberals."

"Ah, then," cried BOUDIN, "you are all hypocrite; you are pretending like children. All this noise and fury you make them for fun. You mock yourself of the country; you



PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

"I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING, MISS BULLION. MY SISTER MAUD'S GOING TO MARRY YOUR BROTHER DICK. BUT DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT, 'COS HE DOESN'T KNOW IT HIMSELF YET!"

make a *pied de nez* at the people; you are humbugs" (he pronounced it "ombogs"). "You call a man a rogue and then, by blue, you dine with him and you smile, and he say to you, 'That was a splendid speech. I felicitate you;' and you say to him, 'Oh, but your speech' (in which he call you a villain), 'that was magnificent. My compliments.' Oh, come, let us go away. I cannot listen any more."

Of course I laughed at him, but for once in a way he seemed in earnest.

"Oh," he said, "you are indeed a great nation. You have my respectful homages. You make a serious thing of your football, and you make your politics like a play at the Palais Royal. Yes, you are a great nation."

"BRITISH OAK," who is interested in historical relics, writes from Wick to complain of a shocking case of vandalism reported in the "Literary and Scientific Corner" of his local paper. The facts are given as follows without comment:—"At the Royal Institution, before a brilliant audience, Professor OSTWALD took his stand at the historic green-clad table, from which JOHN DALTON a century ago enunciated his atomic theory, and proceeded to demolish it." Mr. Punch heartily shares the disgust of "British Oak" at this wanton act of destruction.

WANTED, a Situation as Working Butler, where footman is preferred.—Maidenhead Advertiser.

Is this a case of humility, or simply cussedness?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In spite of the fact that readers of *The Woman with the Fan* (METHUEN) will not make the acquaintance of a single desirable person, Mr. ROBERT HICHENS' book is fascinating by reason of its clever studies of character, enthralling in the drama it unfolds. It is always a pity that good people should not be capable of becoming, in the skilled novelist's hands, as interesting as the bad. My Baronite's limited experience does not bring him in contact with the exceedingly seamy side of highly-placed London society familiar to Mr. HICHENS. All his men are bad (with the exception of a feeble old gentleman whose physical infirmities are pitilessly dwelt upon), and all his women (save one septuagenarian) are in varied manner vicious. Nevertheless one eagerly reads what they say, and intently follows their plotting and counterplotting. Amongst many finished studies is the character of *Lord Holme*, a sort of twentieth century Bacchus, with a touch of Silenus. *Robin Pierce*, a discarded suitor of *Lady Holme* who openly makes love to her in her married state, is the nearest approach to a gentleman in Mr. HICHENS' gallery. But this character is evidently imposed upon him with ulterior design. It helps to make the strongly dramatic situation in which *Robin*, after passionately protesting that *Lady Holme's* beauty is nothing to him, all he sought being "the angel within her," discovers that her face has been disfigured by an accident, and silently turns away and withdraws from the stage. There are other scenes that suggest dramatisation of the novel. But of course *Lady Holme's* scarred and seamed countenance, upon which the tragedy turns, makes such adaptation impossible.

Miss Arnott's Marriage, by RICHARD MARSH (JOHN LONG), can be recommended by the Baron only to the totally inexperienced in novel-reading, or to the thoroughly accomplished and indefatigable skipper conversant with the ropes. The story begins well; and thus it happens that the commencement is the best of it, "which," quoth the Baron paradoxically, "is just the very worst of it."

In the Editor's preface to *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates* (WARD, LOCK & Co.) record is made of the death of Mr. BENJAMIN VINCENT, which took place since he piloted through the press the twenty-second edition of this indispensable work. Behold in this portly volume his unique monument. Mr. VINCENT commenced his editorial labours in connection with the seventh edition, and continued them through the last hitherto published. The twenty-third exceeds former records by two hundred precious pages, not to mention space gained by condensation; printing in smaller type, or the expunging of matters of lessening interest. As it stands the volume is world-embracing. There is no subject, from Atoms to Zollverein, that is not dealt with compendiously yet comprehensively. The art of condensation reaches its perfection in these skilfully-arranged pages. Not only is the history of every nation in the universe brought up to date, but where, since the last edition was published, history has been made, place is found for succinct record. Turning over the pages my Baronite finds not less than ten devoted to record of the progress of the South African War. In this narrow compass are found, instantly accessible, particulars and dates of every one of the leading incidents in the Titanic struggle. The *Dictionary of Dates* is for the literary or business man a library in itself.

The Tragedy of the Great Emerald, by WETHERBY CHESNEY (METHUEN), is the story of a robbery, two murders, a suicide,

and the discovery of criminals without any assistance being given by professional detectives and subordinate police officers. The gentleman and the lady who undertake the detection of the above indicated crimes are not by any means strikingly original creations. The one really strong melodramatic situation arrests attention at the commencement of the story, but "subsequent proceedings" are not of increasing interest. The pace at first is too good to last: hence disappointment. Still, those whom Providence has blessed with an abundance of spare time may set themselves many a less profitable task than the perusal of this tale of meddle, muddle, and mystery.

Dr. BARRY is a master of perplexing style. My Baronite, reading *Newman*, the latest addition to the *Literary Lives* Series published by HODDER AND STOUGHTON, feels the touch of nature that makes him kin with the coster's acquaintance of the Old Kent Road, "'E dunno w're 'e are." Frequently he comes upon really illuminating sentences, and thinks he is now going to learn something about the Cardinal, his life and his works. But the next sentence, obscure, involved, has nothing to do with the matter, wandering blindfold on another tack. At best it is a lay figure round which the book is written—a pity, since there have been few personalities so rich and rare as that of the English Cardinal. The best things in the book are the various photogravures, from the miniature painted whilst NEWMAN was still in residence at Keble College to the Dantesque face presented a year before his death, with its pathetic gaze into an unknown future, and its unspoken prayer, "Lead, Kindly Light."

Bright in colour is the frontispiece of the *Pall Mall Magazine* for May, which opens with a poem entitled "A Summer Evening," by King OSCAR of Sweden and Norway. The translation of the Royal contributor's work is by EMILY JULIAN. There are some capital cricket notes, headed "Don't," aptly illustrated. MAUD RAWSON's story of "Pepita" is dashingly illustrated by S. H. SIME, who introduces a new method of dealing with the action of individuals in the tale by showing a page of curiously quaint landscape (in a certain sense Gustave Dorésque), wherein hundreds of trees appear like gigantic powdered heads of goblins in a valley, while the two principal actors in the scene are in the foreground, proportionately insignificant. Then in the next illustration we are shown how "he stood facing *Pepita* with flashing eyes," but the spectator sees only the broad back of the gentleman facing *Pepita*, and whether *his* eyes are flashing or not cannot be gathered from their reflection in those of *Pepita*. A lively and interesting number, as it should be for "The merry month of May."

SHORT NOTICE.—On this occasion Mr. Punch's Dramatic Commissioner can do no more for *The Rich Mrs. Repton*, the new comedy produced last week at the Duke of York's Theatre, than record the instant and well-deserved success of Mr. R. C. CARTON's wealthy widow. It is a delightful piece, capitably "staged" by Mr. DION BOUCAULT, and perfectly acted. The eccentric heroine, *Mrs. Jack Repton*, a modern *Lady Bountiful*, is charmingly impersonated by Miss COMPTON. Congratulations to Manager CHUDLEIGH and to all concerned; details in "our next."

